A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and wayward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, subtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say *Amen* to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards*
King. Wrong not her birth, she i
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she i
King. Her life is onely safest in he
Qu. And onely in that safety die
King. Loe at their births good st
Qu. No to their liues bad friend
King. All vnauoyded is the doo
Qu. True, when avoyded grace
My babes were destinde to a fairer
If grace had blest thee with a fairer
Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dan
As Intend more good to you and y
Then euer you and yours were by
Qu. What good is couered wit
To be discouered that can doe me
King. The aduancement of you
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there
King. No to the dignitie and hei
The height imperiall tipe of this ea
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with
Tell me what state, what dignitie,
Canst thou demise to any child of
King. Euen all I haue, yea and
Will I withall endow a child of thi
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drowne the sad remembran
Which thou supposest I haue don
Qu. Be briefe, least that the pr
Last longer telling then thy kindn
Ki. Then know that from my
Q. My daughters mother thin
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my da
So from thy soule did'st thou loue
And from my hearts loue, I doe t
Ki. Be not so hastie to confou
I meane that with my soule I loue
And meane to make her Queen

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